

sermon more worthy to be remembered than was that. Understand, it was not the Boecaccio attempt to make a saint of a sinner. It simply was the effort to give fair and due credit to a man of great honesty of great mental strength and of great courage. It simply was the expression of thanks from one brave and strong man to another. Ingersoll, you remember, never denied the existence of a God. The nearest he came—ever, no matter what they say—was to declare that he didn't know. But at the grave of his brother he delivered an eulogy which proved that he shared with the rest of us the hope if not the belief that there is another world, and a great Power that manages the affairs of all the universe.

And Dr. Goshen's sermon, one in a series of very great interest and usefulness, was his contribution to the honor of a man who benefited the race by making men think. There is no disloyalty to God in thinking. He never gave that faculty to the race with the purpose of damning it if the faculty were exercised. And above all things, God never meant that men should be afraid, or should try to do right because they were scared into it.

One time, down in the great state of Illinois, I was talking with a minister, a Methodist, by the way—though the denomination doesn't matter; and expressed the sentiment that it seemed more likely men would really do right because they loved than because they feared. And he said: "Aren't you afraid the Devil will get you?" Which had only the effect to make me laugh. Here was a man who probably never did wrong. And yet his controlling motive was that he eschewed evil because he didn't want to go to Hell. The fact that he did want to go to Heaven was a lesser consideration. It lay at the background of his motive.

Ingersoll faced the paradox of an almighty God and a still more almighty Devil, and bluntly declared he didn't believe it. What he said in maintaining that position cost him the governorship of Illinois. But there isn't a governor of Illinois from the first one who sat at Kaskaskia to the last one who sits in Springfield that will be known as well or loved as much as will Ingersoll. Not one of them has done a millionth as much for the liberation of mankind. Not one of them has done as much for right living, for truth, for courage, for freedom of thought and for purity of worship—and none of them ever will.

Ingersoll held that by the orthodox creed, Satan and not God was the supreme. And he made most men take their choice. Either they had to concede his position, or shut their eyes to ever-present evidence. I don't mean that Dr. Goshen framed a halo for Ingersoll, but that he did have the courage to give fair and due credit to a great soul who has helped the whole world, and who has done an incalculable service to the cause of Christianity. And that was a worthy and noble thing to do.

The problem itself is still regarded as unsolved in certain circles. But the truth seems evident. Did either of you ever read an old poem called "Bitter Sweet"? It is from the pen—now still—of Dr. J. G. Holland, who wrote some excellent things in both prose and verse thirty and forty years ago. Let me recall a few pages of it to your memory. It expresses the principle, and argues it not only beautifully, but convincingly.

RUTH.

I am not satisfied. If evil live
Against God's will, evil is king of all,
And they do well who worship Lucifer.
I am not satisfied. My reason spurns
Such prostitution to absurdities.
I know that you are happy; but I shrink
From your blind faith with loathing and with fear.

And feel that I must win it, if I win,
With the surrender, not of will alone,
But of the noblest faculty that God
Has crowned me with.

DAVID.

There, Ruth, sit down!
'Tis the old question, with the old reply.

You fly along the path, with bleeding feet,
Where many feet have flown and bled before;
And he who seeks to guide you to the goal
Has (let me say it, father) stopped far short,
And taken refuge at a wayside inn,
Whose haunted halls and many passages
Receive no light, save through the riddled roof,
Pierced thick by pilgrim staves, that Faith may lie
Upon its back, and only gaze on Heaven.
I would not banish evil if I could;
Nor would I be so deep in love with joy
As to seek for it in forgetfulness,
Through faith or fear.

RUTH.

Teach me the better way,
And every expiration from my lips
Shall be a grateful blessing on your head;
And in the coming world I'll seek the side
Of no more gracious angel than the man
Who gives me brotherhood by leading me
Home with himself to heaven.

DAVID.

Be this my plea:
God is almighty—all-benevolent;
And naught exists save by His loving will.
Evil, or what we reckon such, exists,
And not against His will; else the Supreme
Is subject, and we have in place of God
A phantom nothing, with a phantom name.
Therefore I care not whether He ordain
That evil live, or whether He permit;
Therefore I ask not why, in either case,
As if He meant to curse me, but I ask
What He would have this evil do for me?
What is its mission? what its ministry?
What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
Chasten my passions, purify my love,
And make me in some goodly sense like Him
Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
And now, in glory, wears the victor's crown?

RUTH.

I face your thought and give it audience;
But I cannot embrace it till it come
With some of truth's credentials in its hands—
The fruits of gracious ministries.

DAVID.

Does he
Who, driven to labor by the threatening weeds,
And forced to give his acres light and air,
And traps for dew and reservoirs for rain,
Till, in the smoky light of harvest time,
The ragged husks reveal the golden corn,
Ask truth's credentials of the weeds? Does he
Who prunes the orchard boughs, or tills the field,
Or fells the forests, or pursues their prey,
Until the gnarly muscles of his limbs
And the free blood that thrills in all his veins
Betray the health that toil alone secures,
Ask truth's credentials at the hand of toil?
Do you ask truth's credentials of the storm
Which, while we entertain communion here,
Makes better music for our huddling hearts
Than choirs of stars can sing in fairest nights?
Yet weeds are evils—evils toil and storm.
We may suspect the fair, smooth face of good;
But evil, that assails us undisguised,
Bears evermore God's warrant in its hands.

RUTH.

Thank God for light!
These truths are slowly dawning on my soul,
And take position in the firmament
That spans my thought, like stars that know
their place.

Dear Lord! what visions crowd before my eyes—
Visions drawn forth from memory's mysteries
By the sweet shining of these holy lights!
I see a youth whom God has crowned with power,
And cursed with poverty. With bravest heart
He struggles with his lot, through toilsome years,
Kept to his task by daily want of bread,
And kept to virtue by his daily task,
Till, gaining manhood in the manly strife,
The fire that fills him smitten from a flint—
The strength that arms him wrested from a fiend—

He stands, at last, a master of himself,
And, in that grace, a master of his kind.

To the thinker it seems absurdly inconsistent to hold that God is all powerful, opposed to evil, and yet can not make an end of evil. That was the point in all the argument of Ingersoll. That was the argument that made thinking preachers free. That was the doctrine that did more for the cause of true and intelligent religion than has been done by an army of orthodox preachers.

Never in my memory of events has anything been said in Salt Lake of so much importance as that sermon of Dr. Goshen, giving credit to Bob Ingersoll where the credit was so certainly due.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Let me say a few brief words to the ladies and gentlemen of the state legislature. Go on. Build that dormitory for girls at the State University.

There will be few demands in the course of this or any other session of the legislature which so combine necessity with policy, as in the case with that proposed dormitory for girls. Here is an actual and a pressing need. Here is a demand that comes from every section of the state, and which can be answered only in the county and the city of Salt Lake. If you be a member from one of the counties away from the capital, reflect on the fact that the men who pay taxes in your district are sending girls, every now and again, to study at the state university. They have a right to. It is the only chance they have to get action on the money they are putting up now for your per diem—not to speak of per noctum. It is their only chance to collect on the expenditure for the much money they have been paying for the rearing of the girls, and for the cause of education in a preparatory way.

Not every tax payer from an out-county has a girl who will want to go to the State University this year. But there are other years, and there are other girls coming on. Every county in the state either now has representation on the registrar's books at the "U," or will be represented there in future. And the longer you wait the more will be the need of a place for those girls to live in the manner we all want our girls to follow when they go away from home.

Maybe you are a mere man, and don't know the hardship it is for a girl to live in a city, far from home, and go from a boarding house to the "U" for study and recitation. Maybe you think it is for a girl to get along as well in a flat, or in some inexpensive hall bedroom of a private home, as in a dormitory made expressly for the purpose of housing girl students at the University. But if you lack that information, be advised by those who know that it is a hardship which we should not subject them to if we possibly can help it.

There is the matter of temptations. I don't pretend to threaten you with stating the likelihood of a girl going wrong where she has no real home; the place where she can feel she has a right and a welcome. But I am telling you the plain truth—and if you live in one of the out-counties you ought to know it—that she is in more danger of forgetting the good influence of mother and the sound and loving advice of father, when she is in any old place that will receive her and take her money. The girls do the best they can. You know they come up here with a limited amount of funds. They may be provided in what seems a sufficient manner by the "old folks at home." But they have to economize. They don't want to waste the good allowance that is given them. And they make the best terms they can for a place to live. It is far from the University. It has nothing on earth to do with that big institution. It is hostile to the girl, in everything but the matter of the little cash it can get her to give up. She has no rights, no privileges. Yet she is a human being. And if you are going to subject her to the temptations of the possible invitation to occasionally have a good time in an evening with young people, you are not doing right by your own.

On the other hand, supposing you are a resident of Salt Lake City, or the great and glorious county of Salt Lake. Here is a big State University. Here is a growing group of buildings that are completing the work long ago begun down there in what is now the old high school, on the West Side. The proposed building will do much for the city. It will go far to make the institution what the founders of the University hoped it might be. It will be a most important contribution to the cluster of structures of which the young state of Utah may well be proud. That is your selfish incentive.

But back of that is the fact that you are a citi-